THE RECORD OF FIFTY YEARS

REMINISCENCES OF A JOURNALIST. BY CHARLES T. CONGDON. XXIV.

IN AND ABOUT THE STRAND. CHARING CROSS-ST. MARTIN'S IN THE FIELDS LODGINGS AND LODGERS IN CRAVEN STREET-AN AMERICAN HUMORIST-CHARING CROSS A CON-VENIENT POSITION FOR TRAVELLERS-THE STRAND IN THE MORNING, AT NOON AND AT NIGHT.

The first thing which one discovers in London is the Strand. If an American could glance at no more than Charing Cross and Trafalgar at no more than Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square, these central places of the great city would be worth seeing. Nothing of Dr. John-son's has been oftener quoted than his saying that "the full tide of existence is at Charing Cross." To me that neighborhood, during my brief stay in London, became something like a home. I knew the shops and the shoe-blacks, the post-office station, the street stages which stopped there, the fine statue of Charles L, set down in my historical memory as the least addown in my historical memory as the least ad-mirable of kings. I could at any time see the mirable of kings. I could at any time see the Square which perpetuates the fame of Nelson, and the heavy, and I may say, hideous granite fountains which tell of the greatest of seafights, not likely to be forgotten even if those structures should disappear. There is a statue of the hero which is as bad as anything of the kind in the United States; and that is saying a good deal. The majestic lions of Sir Edwin Landseev at the foot of the column, do much to redeal. The inagest flow of the column, do much to re-deem it; and if the spectator cares to recall the elegant glories of the Regency, he may feast his eyes upon Chantrey's image of George the Fourth upon horseback. Fortunate would it have been for England if he could only have ridden away in early life, never to come back again. There is so much that is clumsy and distasteful about Charing Cross, so much of the ponderous architecture of railway stations and hotels, that the beautiful church of St. Martin ponderous architecture of railway stations and hotels, that the beautiful church of St. Martin in the Fields strikes you as an interposition of Divine Providence. Upon the whole, I thought it the finest editice of the kind in all London. Its Grecian portico is really Grecian. Its proportions are full of grace. I could go over there from my lodgings in Craven-et. to say my prayers, when I had any to say, with perfect satisfaction; and as breakfast is always late in London, and as there is a regular morning service in St. Martin's, I was frequently one of the "two or three" there gathered together. But it was almost literally "two or three." The great musical bell swung out its summons to little purpose. There were two clergymen to read the prayers for five or six worshippers—a couple of old women, a couple of old men, and myself. I really do not think that I ever saw so many as ten at morning prayer. As they came down the magnificent steps after service, they looked indeed like "a sparrd remnant." I hope that there were more at the funeral of poor Nell Gwynne, who was buried from this church, and had an Archbishop to preach her funeral sermon. "Don't let poor Nell starve," was the dying request of Charles the Second to that bigoted brother of his, the Duke of York; and it was surely something that the most selfish of Merry Monarchs thought of his orangegril at that supreme moment. When the bells rang a merry peal, they recalled the lovely fish of Merry Monarchs thought of his orange-girl at that supreme moment. When the bells rang a merry peal, they recalled the lovely woman, for some of the little money which she saved was bequeathed to the bell ringers; and I thought, too, of Sir Peter Lely's delicious portraits, and found it difficult, indeed, to get these out of my head while I was saying my

The little street called Craven, which runs from Charing Cross to the Thames embankment, full of stuffy hotels and highly respectable lodging-houses, is dear to Americans because the sage and philosophic Franklin once resided in it. An inscription upon the house which he occupied commemorates the fact, and as I went by it every morning, I patriotically took off my hat, and improved the opportunity of paying my respects to "Poor Richard." Everything was so little changed that I could almost see him coming out of the door in the basement, in his cocked hat and knee breeches, and strolling down to the river to take wherry for the Parliament House. Another American of an entirely different kind lived for a while in Craven-st., and in the very house in which I was lodged. This was Mr. Brown, otherwise and widely known as Artemus Ward. Of him the kind ladies who kept the bouse often spoke with respectful regret, with many allusions to his amiable character. I did not know until I heard the facts from them, how great had been his success as a comic lecturer in London; and they spoke with a pardonable price of the equipages which stood before their door, while the noble owners were paying their respects to the American humorist. They told me, too, of the large andiences which were attracted by Mr. Brown's peculiar entertainment, and how when they themselves attended it, they found e little street called Craven, which runs was lodged. This was Mr. Brown, otherwise and widely known as Artenus Ward. Of him the kind ladies who kept the bouse often spoke with respectful regret, with many allusions to his amable character. I did not know until I heard the facts from them, how great had been his success as a comic lecturer in London; and they spoke with a pardonable price of the equipages which stood before their door, while the noble owners were paying their respects to the American humorist. They told me, too, of the large audiences which were attracted by Mr. Brown's peculiar entertainment, and how when they themselves attended it, they found it almost impossible to get in. Yet there was a touch of tragedy in the narrative. During all this remarkable popularity, and while he was a tuse feed and feasted, and enthusiastically applauded, poor Brown was dying, life being kept in him only by the constant and liberal use of attimulate. plauded, poor Brown was dying, life being kept in him only by the constant and liberal use of stimulants. It was the old story over again. While his queer and quaint humor was throwing his phlegmatic London audience into convulsions of laughter, he was himself often in the last stage of physical exhaustion. It was indeed a dreary fate to die thus far from home, though stranger hands were kind and helpful, and all was done which could be done to smooth the pathway of this man of genius to the grave.

the pathway of this man of genius to the grave, They spoke of another American, of whom I was not so proud. This was Winslow 'the eminent forger, who with his family resided in the house, and who was taken out of it one night by detectives, leaving that family in a state of great want and wretchedness, with hardly enough to eat, as I was informed. Nothing so scandalous had ever befallen the lodgings of the Misses — before, but I will do them the justice to say that their sympathy was greater than their indignation. They didn't much like it that their most respectable house should have been watched for several weeks by Mr. Bucket and his assistants, but that did not prevent They spoke of another American, of whom been watched for several weeks by Air. Bucket and his assistants, but that did not prevent them from being heartily sorry for these dis-tressed ladies in a strange land. I was a little mortified, as became a free and enlightened American citizen; but I picked up wonderfally when I found that the beef which we had for when I found that the beer which we had for dinner, and which everybody was praising, was the Yankee Doodle meat, born if not fatted under the star-spangled banner.

If I might advise American travellers intending the star spangled by the star spangled by the star star spangled by the spangled

ing to stop a little while in London, I should reing to stop a little while in London, I should re-commend them to set up their pro tempore tent somewhere in the vicinity of Chaving Cross. They may go to Morley's Hotel if they please, and if they are unrestricted by consider-ations of finance; but nobody in London lives long at a hotel, partly because such life is repugnant to English notions of domestic privacy, and partly because, pinch as you may, it is ex-pensive. Charing Cross will be found, if rooms are taken there, a specially central poin from which excursions may be taken in all di rections with a maximum of convenience. A very comfortable room, according to English notions of comfort, may be had for about half a sovereign a week—we will say \$3 in Federal currency. A trifle must be added for that most mysterious thing called attendance, but in our horse there was go in the appartments and conuse there was gas in the apartments, and consequently no absurd charge for candles.

sequently no absurd charge for candles. There was breakfast, which we took as a matter of course at home, and which costs about a quarter of a dollar, and then there was dinner, if we wanted it, at a cost of about half a dollar. But there was the inexpressible comfort of paying for nothing which we did not eat. If our wanderings planned for the day promised to prevent our return to dinner at half past seven in the evening, we gave notice at breakfast time the evening, we gave notice at breakfast time of the probability. So there was none of that waste common enough in New-York bearding houses and hotels; and if a friend gave no houses and hotels; and if a friend gave us dinner outside we were not obliged to pay for another dinner at home. I think that the first walk for an American to

take in London is through the highway of the Strand, that goodly thoroughfare between the Court and the city. There are three periods during which it should be traversed. If one has carried with him to London his American habit of somewhat early rising, a stroll down the Strand say at 7 o'clock in the morping is a peaceful preparation for the labor of the day. He will find hardly a shop open, the sidewalks almost deserted, the crowd of of the day. He will find hardly a shop open, the sidewalks almost deserted, the crowd of carriages and cabs and carts not yet roaring and rumbling and ratting up and down. The mighty heart of the city is still. It will be ome hours before the money changers of Lombard-st will shovel sovereigns upon the counter.
The lazy servants have not yet begun to clean
the door steps, and even the little shoe blacks the door steps, and even the little shoe blacks in the alley ways and courts and under arches are not at their stands, because at such an hour they expect no patrons. The imitation Cross of Queen Eleanor in front of the railway sta-tion looks bright and clean under the bluest

and clearest of skies, for the showers have not commenced their hourly downfall. Even the dealers in umbrellas, who ought to get rich, and would if Englishmen lost their umbrellas as we lose ours, have not got to business. You have nothing to do but put your hands in your pockets, and keep them there as you stroll along. You can spend no money, though you could wish to do so, unless you please to try a cup of the Strand coffee in company with yonder man of greens, who has halted his donkey cart on his way to Covent Garden, and is swallowing a penny worth of the steaming stuff furnished him by a dealer at the corner. The beer shops by this time may be legally open; if not, you may see two or three sturdy The beer shops by this time may be legally open; if not, you may see two or three sturdy English mechanics loitering in the neighborhood, waiting for the doors to unclose and for the founding pewter of "threepenny" which will be probably the most substantial part of their treetlest.

breakfast. There is hardly any occupation for you as you There is hardly any occupation for you as you lazily proceed, except to read the signs; and whoever does not read the signs in London will miss a great treat. Never shall I forget the mingled emotions with which I gazed upon those which reminded me of my own country. What Yankee would not be affected to see in a foreign land an enormous announcement of "American rocking chairs"? Who would not feel his heart grow warmer as he perused the placard inscribed "American Iee"? There was a temptation to find out whether the American julep and the real American coek-tail could be procured within. Funniest of all was a sign which invited the passer by to try the virtues of "Old Dr. Jacob Townseng's Sarsaparilla." I think that it is quite thirty years since that admirable panacea disappeared from the medicine of "Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparlia." I think that it is quite thirty years since that admirable panacea disappeared from the medicine markets of America and the advertising columns of American newspapers. How the wars of Sarsaparilla, carried on with true American energy, raged in our country—the battles between "Dr. S. P." and "Old Dr. Jacob!" How the rival proprietors called each other humbugs and quacks! And here was the patriarchal survivor still boiling and bottling in London, and finding a way for his fluid blessing into British stomachs! Nor was this all. Going on a little, I encountered a well known "Hair kestorer," the product of American ingenuity and science; and Mr. John Bull was invited to rub his bald pate with this miraculous preparation, and to secure, by its lavish use, Hyperion locks, if not the front of Jove himself. As these evidences of American enterprise grew more numerous, I might have thought myself for a moment again in Broadway, while there were not a few signs in the city which forcibly carried me back to the money-men of Wall-st. Whenever I was a little blue, it was comfort to for a moment again in Broadway, while there were not a few signs in the city which forcibly carried me back to the money-men of Wall-st. Whenever I was a little blue, it was comfort to go down to Bedford-st., Strand. It is a highly respectable though not a very long thorough-fare; and there I could read at the door, "Office of The New-York Tribune," and feel myself for a moment at least, a thousand miles nearer our Printing House Square.

I was just in time to see the last of famous Temple Bar, which was in process of demolition, to be set up, I believe, elsewhere. It was all gone except a small arch on the right hand, through which I made it a point always to walk; for I could not but remember that, doubtless Dr. Johnson had rolled through it, perhaps in camest conversation with Goldsmith or Boswell, as they wended their way into Fleet-st.

well, as they wended their way into Fleet-st. Hungry and homeless authors have crouched under it for protection from the midnight storm. Savage, that coarse strong type of the man of letters of the eighteenth century, might have passed under it muttering curses upon the have passed under it muttering curses upon the unnatural conduct of the woman whom he called his mother. Upon its summit theighastly heads and quarters of many a traitor to the House of Orange or the House of Hanover were displayed—mementoes of the horrors which make the pages of history so pleasant. Daniel De Foe stood here in the pillory, and here that unspeakable scoundrel, Tirus Oates, was the sport of an indignant population, and did not get one dead cat or one rotten egg too many. get one dead cat or one rotten egg too many. It was somthing to have seen even a remnant of It was somthing to have seen even a remnant of this historic structure, allusions to which in English literature of all kinds are so frequent. As I stood there in the quiet of the fresh morning, and saw all about me the evidence of English greatness—intellectual, material, and political—the imagination easily peopled the scene. I saw the grim Templars borne to a last resting-place in their beautiful chuich. Close by were the Great Inns of Court, in which the scenee of English jurisprudence has been for progress from barbarism to civilization and from despotism to liberty, as the world has too seldom witnessed. The Strand at noon is somewhat different

from the Strand in the morning. The gay shops are open by this time, and the tornado of traffic, if I may say so, has begun. The sidetraffic, if I may say so, has began. The state-walks are literally packed with eager and hur-rying pedestrians, and the roadway is so crowded with vehicles of every description that our little blocks and jams in Broadway seemed to me nothing in comparison. Why there was not constant wreek and ruin; why vehicles were not disabled; why heads Why there was not constant wreck and ruin; why vehicles were not disabled; why heads were not fractured, and even life destroyed at any moment, was an enigma only to be solved by reference to English notions of the right of way, and English respect for it. But if there were difficulties in the moving up or down, there was also the frequent policeman, always interfering if necessary, and seldom finding it necessary to interfere. If there was a labyrinth there was also law; and so the confusion was much less than one might have reasonably expected. It is said that we must go a tew miles much less than one might may be readily pected. It is said that we must go a tew miles away from it to hear properly the roar of the London streets. Then, too, if you grow weary of confusion and of noise, escape from them is always easy. In the most bustling parts of the city proper are quet little courts, and bits of streets which are almost as still as country lanes; alleys which human enterprise has not seen fit alleys which human enterprise has no seen to enter; due old cofice houses which give you almost perfect solitude with your mutton chop, and *The Times* newspaper. In Regent's Park a man is almost as much in the country as if he were in the middle of Shropshire. In five minutes, if the noise of the Strand should prove too deafening, you may secure the quiet of the Inner Temple, and stand under the shadow of Temple Church which the that beautiful vulgar spirit of restoration, just now too prevalent in England, has not been able entirely to spoil. There are flowers and green grass, ancient trees and sparkling fountains; and withat a stillness which by contrast seems profound. There I understood for the first time what Burke meant when he called the parks "the lungs of London."

Different still is the Strand at midnight of later. As the theatres discharge their crowds of pleasure-seekers, this thoroughfare is once more througed, and even brilliant. Many of the shops, and especially those devoted to physical refreshment, are yet open and brightly illuminated; and nobody manifests the least inilluminated; and noodly maintests the teast intention of going to bed. The late hour at which London business begins in the morning is no longer a marvel, for a great deal of London business, of a certain kind, is transacted between darkness and dawn—a great deal of eating and drinking, and indulgence of all sorts. As a rule, the midright nob in the Strand is good-natured and well-behaved, Strand is good-natured and well-behaved, though you see at once that it is not particularly refined and cultivated. Of vice of the unmentionable sort, there is an open display, which I should not have thought possible in any civilized city. There is nothing like it in Now-York, nor anything approaching it, for here it would not be tolerated for a week. From Temple Bar to Charing Cross the sidewalks are full of bedizened, bepainted, flaunting wretches lost to all sense of decency, shameless in solicilost to all sense of decency, shameless in solicitation, and so nunerous as to be really annoying. There is also a good-deal of drunkenness, but all disorder is promptly suppressed; the conservator of the peace is everywhere; and the English rough has an evident respect for the English policeman. This helmeted functionary is never fussy; he has evidently a disinclination to interfere unless interference be absolutely necessary; but when he does act, it is with an energy and British decision which those with whom he deals perfectly well understand. I once saw two costermongers engaged in single fight in Covent Garden. There lost to all sense of decency, shameless in solic stand. I once saw two costermongers engaged in single fight in Covent Garden. There was a ring of rough-looking men and even women, evidently determined to see fair play; the respective donkeys of the combatants stood

peacefully by; and upon the other side of the street was a policeman. He evidently thought that the fight was none of his business, and it went on until one of the bruisers was too much bruised to strike another blow. Only when affairs had arrived at this satisfactory state, did the representative of Her Majesty cross over; and then, instead of seizing both warriors bold, and marching them oft to the station house, he merely commanded the spectators to move on—a command which they instantly obeyed. Perhaps this was as good a way of disposing of the matter as if he had clubbed half a dozen innocent spectators, and then escorted the pugilists to prison, occasionally punching their heads on the way, as if they were not battered enough already.

A DILETTANTE.

From Time.
Can you recall an ode to June
Or lines to any river
In which you do not meet "the moon,"
And see "the moonbeams quiver"?
Pye heard such songs to many a tune,
But nower tot. But never yet—no niver— Have I escaped that rhyme to "June" Or missed that rhyme to "river."

At times the bard from his refrain A moment's respite snatches, The while his over-cudgelled brain At some new jinglo catches;
Yet long from the unlucky moon
Himself he cannot sever,
But grasps once more that rhyme to "June,"
And seeks a rhyme to "river."

Then let not indolence be blamed Then let not indefence be blained.
On him whose verses show it.
By shunning "burdens" (rightly named.
For reader and for poet).
For rhymes must fail him late or soon,
Nor can he deal for ever
in words whose sound resembles "June,"
And assonants or "river.

And assonants of "river.

When "loon's" been used, and "shoon" and "spoon,'
And "stiver" sounded "stivver,"
Think of a bird reduced to "coon,"
And left alone with "liver"!
Ah, then, how blessed were the boon!
How doubly blest the giver,
Who gave him one rhyme more for "June,"
And one more rhyme for "river"!

SOME STRANGE AVOCATIONS.

From Chambers's Journal.

Said a witness under cross-examination: "I am an Early-caller, I calls different tradesmen at early hours, from 1 till 5:30 in the morning, and that is how I get my living. I gets up between 12 and 1; I goes to bed at 6 and sleeps till the afternoon. I calls bakers between 1 and 2—the bakers are the earliest of all." What sort of a living he made is not recorded. A pound a week, we should say, would be the outside figure, and to earn that he would need a couple of scores of customers. The early-caller's fee is well earned, since but for his intervention his clients would often lose a day's pay, if not be thrown out of work altogether, by failing to keep time. Not so deserving of encouragement are the 'tup-penies,' carrying on their vocation in those quarters of London where paynbrokers and poor people abound. They are feminine intermediaties between the paynbroker and folks anxions to raise a loan upon their belongings, who, are willing to pay twopence for every parcel conveyed to everybody's 'uncle' or redeemed from his clutches. These go-betweens, it is averred, also receive a quarterly commission from the tradesmen From Chambers's Journal.

are willing to pay twopence for every parcel conveyed to everybody's "uncle" or redeemed from his clutches. These go-betweens, it is averred, also receive a quarterly commission from the tradesmen they favor with their patronage; and so, one way and another, contrive to make a comfortable living out of their neighbors' necessities.

There are men in Paris, birds of a feather with the chiffenier, who go from hospital to hospital collecting the linseed plasters that have served the turn of doctor and patient; afterward pressing the oil from the linseed and disposing of the linen, after bleaching it, to the papermasker. Others make a couple of francs a day by collecting old corks, which being cleaned and pared, fetch, it is said, half a france per hundred.

A lady-resident of the Fanbourg St. Germain is credited with earning a good income by batching red, black and brown ants for pheasant preservers. One Parisian gets his living by breeding maggots out of the foul ments he buys of the chiffoniers, and fattening them up in 1th hoxes. Another breeds maggots for the special behoof of nightingales; and a third marchand dasticots hoasts of selling between thirty and forty millions of worms every season for piscatorial purposes. He owns a great pit at Montmartre, wherein he keeps his store. Every day his seconts bring him fresh stock, for which he pays them from 5 to 10 pence per pound, according to quality; reselling them to anglers at just double those rates, and clearing thereb something over £300 a year.

This curious avocation is not unknown in England. Some twelve years ago, we are told, Mr. Wells, a fishing-tackle maker of Nottingham, in order to insure a constant supply of bait for his customers, started a fare for the rearing of lobworms, cockspurs, ring-tackle maker of Nottingham, in order to insure a constant supply of bait for his customers, started a fare for the rearing of lobworms, to keep his farm stocked, men and boys go out at night collecting worms in the meadows and pastures; a moist warm night yield himself in his own garden—the component parts of his breeding-heap being a secret he not unnaturally keeps to himself.

BRIBERY IN PARLIAMENT.

From The Cornhilt.

Danby did not exactly introduc the practice of orilling members, but he was the Minister who educed it to a system. The direct bribery of membribing members, but he was the Minister who reduced it to a system. The direct bribers of members in hard cash rasted for about a century. Lord Rockingham was the first Prime Minister who refused to bribe. His term of office was remarkably short. The price of a member's vote ranged, under George III., from £200 to £1,000. Mr. Grenville in asking Lord Saye and Sele, by letter, for his support, enclosed a £200 note. Lord Saye wrote back, promising his vote, but returning the money. The tone of Lord Saye's letter is extremely courteous, with absolutely nothing in it of offended dignity. He merely observes that he has made it a rule never to accept presents of that sort. Mr. Grenville replies by complimenting him on his nice sense of honor.

Tillotson had the courage to remonstrate with William III. against the practice. The King took the lecture in good part, and told the Archbishop he was no other way with those men." It was in that reign that Sir John Trevor, Spēnker of the House of Commons, was found guilty of taking a bribe of a thousand guineas to forward a private bill. He was ordered to move a vote of censure on bimself from the chair. Next day he was to have moved his own expulsion from the House. He contrived, however, to be ill on the morrow; and the House good-naturedly accepted the excuse. Damby, who had become Duke of Leeds, was reported by a committee of the Commons to have accepted a glift of £5,000, under sussicious circumstances; and impeached accordingly. Luckily or naduckily for the Duke, the witness on whom the Commons counted instantly disappeared. The Impeachment had be dropped, but the Duke's reputation was gone. It is characteristic of the age that his Grace, nevertheless, remained President of the Way, that the Duke led the Reconstitute and the dail the Reconstitute and the dail the Reconstitute and the dail the Reconstitute and the story of the support.

theless, remained President of the Council for some time longer.

It was on this occasion, by the way, that the Duke told the Peers that amazing ameedote about himself and Mr. Savile. The Duke, as Treasurer, had once had a lucrative office in his gift. "Mr. Savile cause to me and said: 'I don't want the place myself, but tell everybody who asks you for it that I recommended him.' What, Harry,'I said, 'tell them all i' 'Why, yes; because them whoever does get it will be sure to pay me,' So I told everyone who came to me: 'Sir, you are much beholden in this matter to Mr. Savile.' And the end was Harry got a handsome present." An equally good story belongs to this period. Under James II. a member was going to yote the wrong way. "Sir," significantly remarked a Ministar, "I think you have a place in the Customs?" "Yes," replied the honorable gentleman; "but my brother died yesterday, and left me £700 a year. Sc I don't care."

A STORY OF DUMAS.

From The Whitehall Review.

Bouffé, the well-known French comedian and friend of Charles Mathews, has just published his Memoirs, which show unabated verce and vigor, although the author was born in 1800. The book is charming and would bear translation. Among numberless other anecdotes he tells one of going to see the great Dunnas—Alexander the elder, of course—and of the author of "Monte Cristo" suddenly interrupting him after an hour's conversation with, "My dear Bouffé, you must not take it in any way as a reproach if I tell you that this interview has already cost me a hundred france!" Bouffé turned pale, and rose. "I will explain how," continued Dunas, laughing. "I am writing a novel in two From The Whitehall Review. onic, and rose. "I will explain how," continued Dumas, laughing. "I am writing a novel in two volumes, the first of which I dispatched in four-and volumes, the first of which I dispatched in four-and-twenty hours, and is now in the press. The second I began yesterday, and it will go to join the first to-morrow morning. I am paid 4,000 frances for this book, and, as I wrote half of it in less than four and twenty hours, I lose about a hundred france every sixty minutes I pass without pen in hand."

What astorishes me most on reading this is not only the marvellous facility of the great author, but the absurdly small sums paid in those days it one

the absurdly small sums paid in those days to one of the most extraordinary nevelists France has ever produced. Four thousand france is not \$1,000. Were Dumas per alive now he might possibly keep to the same figure, but instead of france he would

HOME INTERESTS.

THE GOOD THINGS OF MAY. THE PLEASING POULTRY-THE VEGETABLE STAND-SALADS, BUTTER, EGGS, FISH AND STRAWBER-

There is one place where a saunterer hardly ever fails to acquire an appetite, and that is the market, where pretty red crabs lie next to the silvery halibut; where the crisp green lettuce and the bright tomatoes are heaped together in delicious confusion; where pearly fresh eggs hint at omelets, and a dis tant gleam of firm red and white suggests a delicate roast. No stand is more picturesque than that of the poultry dealer, where the plump little pigeons hud-dle close to the paie lemon-colored broilers; and generous-looking turkeys turn up their toes beside the pinkish sweetbrends. Those same sweetbreads have moderated

their demands since last week; they are now but \$2 a dozen. The roasting checkens are 25cents a pound; fowl. 15 and 16 cents; broilers, \$1 25 to \$1 50 a pair, and not very plenty. Squabs are \$3 a dozen, and wild pigeons are \$1 25 a dozen. It is solemnly stated that a party of those who make the catching of wild pigeons a business sometimes find their work profitable to the agreeable extent of a thousand dollars in two days. The settling place of the pigeons is telegraphed to the professional hunter, and barrel after barrel of the feathered things are sent to market in a few hours. English snipe cost from 50 cents to \$3 a dozen; plover, \$3 50 a dozen. Turkeys are 20 cents a pound; the unctuous goose is 18 to 20; tame ducks are 25 cents a pound, and capons are 30 cents.
Shad, now sold by the pound, brings 12 cents for that quantity of flaky flesh and abounding bones.

The dear but indigestible lobster is 10 cents a pound; clams-breathing forth scent of dainty stews-are 50 cents a hundred; and soft-shell crabs-to be rolled in eggs and cracker dust and fried in a wire basket-cost from 40 cents to \$1 a dozen. The hard-shells are 40 cents a dozen. The beguiling Spanish mackerel is 30 cents a pound; and the delicate little frogs' legs are also 30 cents. Bluefish is 12 cents a pound; Long Island trout, \$1, and the frozen Canada trout, 30 cents.

The vegetable stand is in these May days a pictursque mass of emerald and silver and ruby. The dewy, white-hearted lettuce is 6 cents a head, and

the tomatoes still 25 cents a quart.

These speak of salad, and it must not be forgotten that another salad equally delicious is the small string bean, thoroughly boiled, set on ice to get perfectly cold, and served with a French dressing like left cold.

his lettuce.

Asparagus is 18 cents a large bunch, peas are 25 cents a half peck, and young onions, little but spurted, 5 cents a bunch. Cucumbers of plump and smooth proportions are 6 cents apiece; lecks, good to rub on a hot dish for a hint of flavoring, are 5 cents a bunch. The timy red radishes are a penny a bunch; and rhubarb is 4 cents a bunch; parsley 6 cents. Spinach is 10 cents a half peck; and new potatoes, the nicest of their kind, 30 cents a half peck.

Spring lamb-not the least thankworthy of all Spring lamb—not the least thankworthy of all e good things that come with the violet, and the dors from the springing grass, the pine tree and e sasafras"—costs now 10 to 20 cents for hindwirers, and 15 cents for forequarters. Hindquarrs of mutton are 11 cents, and short-quarters 6 hits. Chops are 12 cents a pound. Prime cuts of et are 18 cents; porterlouse steaks 25 cents. "Butter an' eggs an' a pound of cheese "have not aread much in price since last week. That mira-

"Butter an' eggs an' a pound of cheese " have not changed much in price since hast week. That miraele of clovery sweetness, the Philadelphia print, is
30 cents; creamery butter is a little lower. 28 cents; and tub butter is 25. The old English dairy cheese is 20 cents a pound; pineapple 18, and other cheese about 16. Eggs are 18 cents a dozen.

Strawberries vary greatly in price, the number of cents depending moon the perfection of the berries. They range from 20 to 30 cents a quart; and large boxes, said to contain two and one-half quarts, and full of deep red, backed berries cost 50 cents. These berries are now ripe enough to be used for custards, creams and sauces. A delicious strawberry sauce for baked puddings is made thus: Beat half a cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar to a cream; add the stiff beaten white of one egg and a generous empful of ripe strawberries thoroughly mashed.

MENU.

Tounto coup.

Spanish macker! bruiled; encumbers.

Roast beef; point ea & la Niege; Spinach.
Chicken Croquettes; Green Peas.
Asparagus Salad, cold, with Mayonunise dressing.
Cheese—Wafers toasted.
Lemon Jelly. Cakes—Strawberries.
Coffee.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES. ORANGE JELLY, -- l'eel twelve large and sweet ranges; cut them into small pieces, and squeezo how thoroughly through a linen bag. To one pint of juice add one pound of sugar; when the sugar is dissolved, put it over the fire; dissolve two onness of izinglass in just but water enough to cover it, and add it to the jelly as it-begins to boil. Let it boil very fast for twenty minutes. Put it hot into the jars and the it up with paper dipped in brandy.

Lemen jelly may be made in the same way, only to one pint of juice add two pounds of sugar. This is for Mollie R.

PINEAPPLE ICE CREAM.—Press the juice from a fine ripe pineapple, add that of a lemon, with syring or pounded sugar to give the required sweetness. Mix with an equal quantity of rich cream, and strain into the free ring pot. Or, make a custard as follows: Roil a pint of mith, pour it whilst boiling on the yelks of six eggs; stir rapidly over the fire until it thickens, taking care not to curdle it. With a little experience a perfect custard may be thickened in this way in less than seven minutes, a much longer time being required if the milk is not boiled. When cold add pineapple pnip, made as follows: Boil a pound of pineapple, sliced and pecled, in a cill of water for ten minutes, pound the fruit and rub it through a sieve, and add syrup or sugar to taste. When cold mix with the custard, and strain into the freezing pot. Lemon juice can be added if necessary.

Strawnerry Custarn.—Maken nice boiled ens-STRAWBERRY CUSTARD.—Make a nice botted enstard of a quart of milk and the yolks of five eggs properly sweetened. Boil till it thickens to the right consistency, take it off the fire, and put in the flavoring. Take a gill of sugar and a pint of ripe strawberries; crush them together and pass through a line strainer. Take the whites of four of the eggs, and white beating them to a stiff froth add a gill of sugar, a little at a time. Then to the sugar and egg add the sweetened strawberry juice, beating all the while to keep it stiff. This makes a beautiful pink float, which is to be placed on top of the custard.

Delictous Pineapple Custard.—On the day before you wish to use the eastard, peel and pick to pieces with two forks a nice pineapple. Put plenty of sugar over it and set it away. Next day make a custard as above, and when cool mix with the pineapple, which will have become soft and luscious, and thoroughly sweetened.

The Ideal Lemon Pin.—With deep interest in the household corner of The Tribune, I submit the following extract from the letter of a friend;

and thoroughly sweetened.

The Ideal Lemon Pie.—With deep interest in the household corner of The Tribune. I submit the following extract from the letter of a friend:

"I have at last reduced lemon he to a science. Mine are now so delicious that A. longs for dinner time to come. This is my recipe: A. prefers tarts, so I take my bisent-cutter and cut from pulf paste very thinly rolled, around the edge I curl a nurrow strip of the paste, and bake these shells. While they are baking I prepare the following filling, which is wery fillin at the price: I take my lemon and do not roll it—cause why fit grates better when it is lim. After the yellow rind is all grated into a bowl. I squeeze in the juice, and if any little cells go in I do not say them may. I then put in a cup of sugar and the yolk of one egg, stir well together. Upon this I pour a large cup of cold water (no milk), into which has been stirred a dessertspoonful of corn starch. I put all into a sance-pan and stir until it is cooked into a rich, clear, straw-colored jelly. My shells now being baked to look as much as possible as if they had come from Roger's, I fill them, and from the white of the egg make a méringue, to softly cover each. I pop them into the oven one brief instant, and then draw them out a rich sunset yellow, and, stepping upon 'Vevie' and the cat alternately, I bear them in triumph to the nantry to cool. You will get this in the meruing; make some for dinner and you will be happy. N. B. The crust being baked separately, it never soaks."

BAKING POWDER.—Mrs.R. H.M. writes: "Take one part of bi-carbonate soda, two parts of pure cream tartar, sift together and bottle or keep in a paper

part of bi-earbonato soda, two parts of pure cream tartar, sift together and bottle or keep in a paper sack. I usually get the purest cream tartar from a druggist. I use one and a fialf teaspoonfuls to a pint of flour."

pint of flour."

To Color Ices.—For yellow, use yolks of eggs or a bit of saftrom steeped in the inquor and squeezed. The flower of the crocus is also used; it has no taste. For white, use almonds finely pounded, with a drop of water; or use cream. For red, use beet root sliced and some liquor poured over. For green, pound spinach leaves or beet leaves, express the juice, and boil in a tea-cup in a saucepan of water to take off the rawness.

WATER MARKET MER. Med. H. D. T.

WATER-FILTER.—Mrs. H. R. L. may make a cheap filter in the following manner: Make a filter in the following manner: Make a mattress of charcoal broken in small bits to fit a large common flower-pot—put it in the bottom of the pot, with a mattress of sand over it, each about five inches thick,

mattress of sand over it, each about five inches thick, hang this pot on a faucet, with a vessel under it to receive the water.

STATURITES—Mrs. M. M. can clean her statuettes of alabaster by the following method: Put two ounces of equafortis into a pint of pure cold water. Dip a clean brush in this liquid and wash the alabaster with it for five minutes or more. There should be a brush small enough to go into the most minute parts. Then rinse it with cold clear water, and set it in the sun for two or three hours to dry.

The aquafortis will make the alabaster very white. PAPPERED WALLS are cleaned by being wined down with a fiannel cloth tied over a broom or brush. Then cut off a thick piece of stale bread with the crust on and rub them down with this. Begin at the top and go straight down.

THE DEATH OF RACHEL.

From The Theatre.

Most people will remember that she caught cola while attending a great ceremony at the Jewish Synagogne of New-York in 1855, and that, through her having unfortunately neglected it, it eventually settled on her lungs, and in a few months utterly destroyed the constitution of this very remarkable woman. A Winter in Egypt, far from improving her health, seems rather to have aggravated her malady, and on her return to France she was advised to spend the following season of 1857 at Nice. M. Sardou, with exquisite politeness, at once placed his villa at her disposal, and on her accepting it, M. Mario Nechard, the accomplished author of "La Fishmeta," who was inhabiting it at the time, withdrew to another residence near Cannes.

When Rachel left Paris she was fully aware that her last days were drawing near, and, be-When Richeleitt Paris and was tand, we fore bidding a long farewell to earlings and frieries, she ordered the carriage and frievies, she ordered the carriage and trove to the form of the carriage and trove to the form of the theory of the carriage and trove to the form of the carriage and thought she for the carriage of the carriage state of the progress of the carriage with her, the did not, while thus employed, utter a single word; but the rapid changes of the expression on her wongerful countenance spoke a volume of mental sufferings and blighted hope. The journey to the South was performed by short and easy stages. At Draguignan, one of the stations on the road, a beggar woman happened to come to the door of the inn just as Mile. Rachel was getting into her carriage. Touched by the story told by the poor old creature, the great tragedlenne opened her pure and gave her two or three gold pieces. This according to the carriage of the carriage with the raise of the carriage her two or three gold pieces. This according to the carriage of the carriage with the raise of the door of th

at midday, and spent a deal of time in sewing, an occupation which, whilst it kept her employed, did not excite her as did reading and conversation. She also received a few visits, and sometimes, when feeling well enough, played cards-her favorite amusement. She was now always gentle and kind, and still paid considerable attention to her dress, which usually consisted of a white muslin or silk peignoir, with natural flowers in her hair. The kindness and attention of her sister Sarah cannot be exagerated; she who was usually impetuous and ill-tempered was now beyond praise patient and loving. It would be difficult to describe the interest which was manifested, not only in France, but all over the world, in the welfare of a woman who had once played the guitar in the streets of Paris. Telegrams of inquiry were sent daily from half the courts of Europe, especially from that of St. Petersburg; and the quantity of fruit and fowers which arrived for her acceptance was positively incredible. Many indies and gentlemen of distinction from Nice went in person to inquire after her. I remember that one day Mme S—, went with her daughter, and took me, then a very small child, with them. I was perched on the box with the coachman. On arriving at the Villa Sardou, we found Rachel, as the day was very fair, in the garden. She wore a white dress, and an old black-and-white plaid shawl wrapped round her body and head. She came to the door of the brougham, and received the flowers my friends brought her with pleasant courtesy. I had become in the meantime rather restless, and manifested a strong inclination to get down. The ladies entered the house, and still I remained on my perch, no one paying me any attention. Presently Mile, Rachel turned round and sait to the coachman, in her peculiarly resonant voice: "Faites, done, descendre cet enfant." I shall never forget the tone or the woman who uttered it. I can see her now: A very small, snake-like, but beautifully-shaped head; features small, but straight and regular; hair raven b

remember being presented with a handkerchief containing a quantity of marrons glaces, which, like the contented witch, I munched and munched on my homeward journey.

On Jannary I, 1858, she became suddenly worse, and on the following Friday her life was despaired of. She rallied again on the Saturday, but on Sunday, the 5th, all hope was again abandoned. "I am dying, Sarah," she said, "and shall soon be with my sister Rebecca, and then God will show mercy." Rebecca was her favorite sister, and died, when only twenty, of consumption. Early in the morning of that fatal Sunday she wrote affectionate letters to her parents in Paris. Sarah, seeing her sister's danger, summoned the Rabbi and Jewish singers from Nice. They approached the bed and began a mournful chant in the Hebrew language: "Ascend, oh daughter of Israel, to God. Behold, O Lord God, the agony of thine handmaiden, Rachel, and pity her sufferings. Shorten her pains, good Lord, and break these bonds which bind her to life, so that she may be at rest. Lord God, pity Thy servant, and take her unto Thee, and let her agony redeem her sins, so that she may find peace." Whilst they were still singing Rachel fell asleep in death. Just as the soul and body parted she pressed her devoted sister's hand and opened her eyes, to fix them on her with an expression of tender aftection. Six hours later Dr. Maure felt the corpse and found it flexible, even warm, and it was long before he permitted it to be placed in the coffin.

JOHN M. CLAYTON'S FIRST FEE.

"Gath" in The Cincunati Enquirer.

Except to Saratoga and to Washington he seldom passed beyond the boundary of the State, of which when he was in it he was nearly absolute. If he had taken his motto at the outset from the Earl of Strafford, "Thorsugh," he could not have fulfilled it better. As an advocate, politician, Senator, Chief Justice and statesman, he was one of the most correct and thorough men of the country. His nature was sluggish and his ambition easily satisfied, but his sense of acquitting himself well overruled both, and he could be equality patient and powerful. Such minute perceptions have not been seen in this com-

and he could be equally patient and powerful. Such minute perceptions have not been seen in this country united with such weight, and behind the bars of that little constituency he paced like a lion in an impecunious show, all his majesty made comic by the disproportionate surroundings.

Soon after he entered the bar, a Philadelphian gave him a civil case, which he won with a display of his compact yet diverting argument, and at sunset, retring to his little bare office, the client counted out \$500 in gold. The young lawyer's immediate thought was his mother, then a widow at

Milford. It was twenty miles away, but he buoyant of body and spirita, and he set out at to walk that distance alone.

The nights over that country have the aleanue at starlight and the beauty of sunset, which seem be peculiar to regions of annly coast and about the country have the aleanue of ceast and the peculiar to regions of annly coast and about and the peculiar to regions of annly coast and about and the alone of the coast and the coast and the fish-hawk's bulky nest. The persimmons stiff; but the price of the persimmons at the price of the persimmons at the pay of hounds bunting the raccoon by mind or unwearied negroes arose in the distance, and muskrat and the mink slipped in the distance, and muskrat and the mink slipped in the distance, and muskrat and the mink slipped in the distance, and misk and lore. As good a Horatian scholar as anybour in his walk, he had texts of Tacitus and bars approached them. His head was full of happing and lore. As good a Horatian scholar as anybour in his walk, he had texts of Tacitus and bars yard walls blinked at him through their window was sitting before the chimney logs alone and be reaved. The hard times had overtaken all her farmily, Clayton poured the gold over her shoulder in her lap. She looked up and saw her son.

"Yes, mother; I carned it for a fee to-day, and "Yes, mother; I carned it for a fee to-day, and "Yes, mother; I carned it for a fee to-day, and "Yes, mother; I carned it for a fee to-day, and "Yes, mother; I carned it for a fee to-day, and "Yes, mother; I carned it for a fee to-day, and "Yes, mother is a superior to the carned it for a fee to-day, and "Yes, mother is carned to for a fee to-day, and "Yes, mother; I carned it for a fee to-day, and "Yes, mother is carned to for a fee to-day."

est ?"
"Yes, mother; I carned it for a fee to-day, as walked down to bring it to you and gladden y dear old heart."

AMERICANS AND TITLES.

AMERICANS AND TITLES.

From The Springfield Republican.

Ambitious Americans who have the misfortune possess letters of credit of very limited amount manage to obtain titles and decorations by way that are dark and mysterious as those of the kathen Chinee. Some little act of gallantry to any member of royalty, if worked up and manipulated in an effective manner, is sure to bring its reward. The story is told of a lucky American in Rome who recently earned a decoration and title by rushing to the rescue of the Queen's poodle. It was his good fortune to be walking on the Pincian Hill at the same hour the Queen was taking her afternoon promennede. Her pet poodle had wandered a short distance from her when it was pounced upon by a big bull-dox, and would have been chewed up and swallowed whole—silver collar, pink ribbon and all—but for the timely rescue by the American. Of course the Queen screamed and fainted, and was only restored to consciousness by having her favorite placed in her arms unharmed by the gallant for eigner, who had the presence of mind to present her royal highness at the same time his card and address. It was a bonanza of luck to the man in the fashionable world. The result was a decoration, and ever since, wherever he goes, socially throws wide open its doors for his entrance. At all of the swell dinners given by members of the American colonies in Paris. Rome and Florence the blue and red ribbon in his button-hole is the envy of his less fortunate countrymen.

I recently met in Marseilles an American whom I had known years ago, first as captain of a trading vessel, and afterward as a successful ship chandler. He had begun life as a poor cabin boy in a coasting schooner, and had worked himself upon him and he had become the possessor of large weath. I noticed pinned to his coat collar a small colored rosets which was prominently displayed as an insignia of rank.

"Halloo ?" I exclaimed with some surprise, point into the rosette. "what have you been doing?"

of rank.
"Halloo!" I exclaimed with some surprise, point-

of rank.

"Halloo!" I exclaimed with some surprise, pointing to the rosette; "what have you been doing!"

"O! nothing—nothing particular," he answered, evidently not wishing to enter into particulars; "I was not aware I had it on," and unpinning it he placed it carefully in his vest pocket.

"But you have got a decoration; you have been made a knight or orince." I said.

"Nonsense! nothing of the kind; it was given me as a mark of esteem, a recognition, you understand; foolish I know, but we Americans do foolish things sometimes; but please don't mention it when you get home."

"Of course not, but such favors are never bestowed promiscuously without a cause. You must have saved the life of some member of the royal family."

"Not much," he said, giving me a peculiar twinkle with his right eye; "I wasn't such a fool as to throw myself under the hoofs of the King's horse; there is a cheaper way of getting these things."

I saw that the subject of titles, and the manner in which he obtained his, were not favorite topics with him, and so turned the conversation. I learned afterward, however, as a fact, that he had paid the Pope several thousands of dollars for a title which allowed him the privilege of displaying the small rosette on his coat collar.

ADELAIDE NEILSON.

For The Tribune.

For The Tribune.

A voice that mocks a laughing mountain brook; A smile as swift as Summer swallows fly; And eyes that drain the beauty of the sky To fill our hearts with but a single look; But, lack of lovely words! For if I took A thousand pages whereupon to try To paint her perfect, yet my pen were dry; For "Beauty," only, could adorn the book. Still may you find her spirit hid in flowers, Her womanhood in yonder steadfast star, Her winsome graces in the wandering stream. And, Oh, thou perfect Poet of all hours, Methinks I hear thee, saying from afar, "This Rosalind is worthy of my dream." C. H. C.

JUSTICE S. J. FIELD AS A DUELLIST.

From The Boston Herald.

During Mr. Field's legislative days in the California Legislature the members were little else than walking arsenals. Two-thirds of them carried either bowie-knives or pistols. Some flourished both weapons. When a member entered the House he unstrepped his revelyars and laid them on his desk. It walking arsenals. Two-thirds of them carried either bowie-knives or pistols. Some flourished both weapons. When a member entered the House he unstrapped his revolvers and laid them on his desk. It was done with as little concern as hanging up a hat, and it excited neither surprise nor comment. There was a hot debate over the proposed impeachment of Judge Turner. At the conclusion of Mr. Field's argument, B. F. Moore, of Tuolumne, arose to reply. He opened his drawer, cocked his revolvers, and laid them on his desk. Then he launched himself on a sea of vituperation. Mr. Field was handled without gloves. The most offensive epithets were used, and the speaker openly declared himself responsible for his language at any time and place. Mr. Field answered Mr. Moore's arguments, but made no allusion to his personal remarks. After the adjournment, however, he asked S. A. Merritt to bear a note to Mr. Moore, demanding an apology or satisfaction. Mr. Merritt refused, through fear of being disqualified for office. Mr. Richardson, another member, also declined. Happening into the Senate-chamber, the jurist saw a stonecutter seated at a desk, writing. He was David C. Broderick, President of the State Senate. They were bowing acquamtances. "Why, Judge, you don't look well," said Broderick. "What's che matter?"

"Well, I don't feel well," Field responded. "I don't seem to have a friend in the world,"

"What worries you? "inquired the stonecutter. The jurist gave the particulars of Moore's assault upon his character, and said that, at all huzards, he was determined to call him to account.

"Well, I'll be your friend," Broderick replied. "Write your note; I will deliver it."

The jurist wrote the note at an adjoining desk, and Broderick placed itm Moore's hands. The latter gentleman crawfished. He said that he expected to be a candidate for Congress, and that he could not accept a challenge, because that act would disquality him. "I have no objection to a street fight, however," he added. The stonecutter tested the jurist's ski strapped his revolvers and laid them on his d

"In that case." rejoined Broderick, "others will be shot in their seats."

At the opening of the House, Mr. Field took his seat at his desk as usnal. Broderick was seated near him, with eight or nine personal friends, all armed to the teeth and ready for any emergency. When the journal was read both Field and Moore sprang to their feet, and shouted, "Mr. Speaket" That officer recognized "the gentleman from Tuename." and Mr. Field resumed his seat. Moore read a written apology, full, ample and satisfactory. Broderick afterward befriended Mr. Field on man occasions. They were standing at the bar of a hote in San Francisco in 1852, when Broderick away man throw back his Spanish clock and level aw volver at his friend. In a twinkling he flung his self botween the two men, and pushed Field out at the room. The prompt action undoubtedly save his life.

DR. JOHNSON'S WIGS.

Prom Galignent.

Dr. Johnson's wigs were in general very at and their fore-parts were burned away by the approach to the candle which his short-sights rendered necessary in reading. At Strenthau Thrale's butler always had a wig roady; at Johnson passed from the drawing-room, dinner was announced, the servant would me the ordinary wig, and replace it with the one; and this ludiurous ceremony was positively day.